We All Have a Hunger

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28993365.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Stockholm Syndrome, Kidnapped Will Graham, Murder, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Sugar Daddy Hannibal Lecter, No Underage Sex, Younger Will Graham, Will Graham Knows, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Feral Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, I Will Go Down With This Ship, Murder Husbands, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Possessive Will Graham, Blood Kink, Canon-Typical Violence, Alpha Alana, Past Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter, Smut, Rimming, Dom/sub Undertones, Manipulative Will Graham, Hand Jobs, Blow Jobs, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Mating, Mating Bond, Mating Bites
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hunger
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-26 Completed: 2021-09-02 Words: 18,356 Chapters: 7/7

We All Have a Hunger

by 1ntothew1ld

Summary

Hannibal will ensure a properly slow and painful death for an alpha who allowed a beautiful young omega to go to waste as this one has. Too skinny for his own good, a stuttering and humble mess. The likes of the omega in front of him belonged at Opera houses and in million-dollar mansions, not scrounging for his next meal. Meek and afraid in some disheveled row house. When he finally looked back up the alpha had to conceal the utter punch to the stomach that meager glance was, blue eyes full of innocence but also hunger.

Or the one where Hannibal finds something unexpected on a hunt.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

At seventeen, I started to starve myself

I thought that love was a kind of emptiness

Hannibal didn't kill children and he most certainly did not kill omegas, at least he tried not to. That wasn't hard seeing as how omegas were so few and far between these days and children didn't possess the ability to trigger a reaction from him. They could be rude and brash but there was no finesse, no underlying provocation like there tended to be with adults.

Children lacked the functioning scent glands necessary to spike the primitive response from him. Adults, though, were tempted daily. They could spot a thoroughbred alpha from down the street, if not by his flashy suits then by his scent. Strong alphas of a lower class, despite being weaker than he, grew restless around him and often attempted displays of aggression. Testing his finely crafted façade.

He didn't expect much of the rude mechanic who pressed his shoulder deliberately hard into his own earlier that day. He stopped dead in the street knowing that man was trying to win a battle he didn't even understand. Betas and lesser alphas spread wide to avoid the European with a straight back, stock still on a Baltimore sidewalk. He turned to look at the smirking, prideful man who turned around as well.

Sharp, cold eyes took in grease stained jeans, dirt dug in under his nails, and a well-worn fleece bearing the name of a garage here in town. Hannibal chanced a calculating smile before purposefully turning and walking away. There was no surrender in the hold of his shoulders, and that drew an angry gruff from the other alpha's lips. Hannibal would pay him a visit tonight, make something useful out of a pathetic alpha.

His address was easy enough to find and yet again rather expected. An out of date row home in one of the northern most neighborhoods in Baltimore. All his neighbors' houses seeming to find a worse fate then his own, boarded up and tagged. Mundane and altogether quite advantageous for Hannibal. The streetlamps flickered half a block down and the rest were out completely. No witnesses, one of his easiest kills yet.

Slinking in past his unlocked front door, clad in his plastic suit so as not to leave a speck of evidence, he found the stupid mechanic already too drunk to protect himself. Sighing at how it was almost too easy to press the needle into his neck and have him collapse before him. He looked over the pitiful alpha and sneered, not even sure if the man was worth the meat he'd provide. Surely, his body was full of toxins maybe the thrill of killing him slowly would have to be enough.

"He's still breathing." Hannibal jerked to his feet, only a handful of times he has found himself truly surprised and this was one. Before him stood an omega, unmated and timid. Dirty like a street kid, his feet were stained black and cheeks were hollow. His eyelashes

created fluttering curtains around clear blue eyes, which remained fully on the man between them.

Hannibal didn't kill children and he most certainly did not kill omegas and this boy before him appeared to be a mix of both, "What?"

The boy stepped forward, wide blue eyes stuck on the paralyzed man on the floor, his curls were matted and pulling in all directions, "He's still breathing. Why?"

Hannibal cocked his head to the side, there was nothing to be done. The scene the boy had walked in on was unmistakable, if he ran the alpha would have to subdue him. Though it wouldn't be pleasurable for him, seeing as he'd only met two unmated omegas in his life. And one was his own sister dead before true puberty, "The meat is fresher when I can preserve it at home."

"The meat?" The boy whispered, biting his lip and scooting even closer still. Hannibal nodded, and went to continue despite knowing omegas had very low tolerance for violence. But he also knew there was very little room between the two for niceties. The boy broke in again, "What're you making?"

"Depends on which cut is the best." Hannibal spoke honestly watching with careful eyes as the omega crouched now, licking his delicate tongue against his lips, "Probably a stew though, as I'm assuming his meat will be gamey, well tenderized."

Hannibal will ensure a properly, slow and painful death for an alpha who allowed a beautiful young omega to go to waste as this one has. Too skinny for his own good, a stuttering and humble mess. The likes of the omega in front of him belonged at Opera houses and in million-dollar mansions, not scrounging for his next meal. Meek and afraid in some disheveled row house. When he finally looked back up the alpha had to conceal the utter punch to the stomach that meager glance was, blue eyes full of innocence but also hunger.

A hunger that took years of violence to create, one that he saw in the mirror each morning, "C-c-can I have some?"

Hannibal didn't even take in the words before nodding, knowing that whatever this boy, this omega asked of him he would receive. No matter the cost, Hannibal would deliver.

"Come along, little one." Hannibal hummed, heaving the stupid alpha onto his shoulder unceremoniously as if all two hundred and fifty pounds was nothing at all. The omega squeaked, rushing forward and slipping a small hand into Hannibal's own. The alpha eyed the omega who looked at the door with apprehension.

"You don't leave often do you, little one?" Hannibal whispered, walking towards the door and nodding for the omega to open it. The boy froze eyeing the incapacitated form on Hannibal's shoulder as if this was a test he was about to fail, "It is allowed. Please open the door for me."

The boy grew a determined look on his face before shakily turning the knob, and walking alongside him to his car. Once Hannibal settled their meal into the trunk, he walked the

omega to the passenger side door, opening it and nodding for him to climb in, “Is there anything inside you want?”

Blue eyes shook his head, biting over his bottom lip again despite it being chapped and almost bleeding, “I don’t have nothing.”

“Hmmm.” Hannibal hummed, he caught himself thinking he would change that, nodding, “I’ll return in a moment.”

The boy grabbed his wrist before he could close the door. Any other person would be down a limb if they made such a move but the omega was allowed trespasses even Hannibal could not predict. Soft fingers tightened around his wrist like little cattle prods, “Don’t leave.”

“See the clock?” Hannibal whispered and the boy looked to the clock with a nod, “I will be back before the one turns to a three, ok?” The boy’s big blue eyes tracked to the back of the car and then back to the alpha, “He will not wake and even if he does it is impossible to get out of that trunk.”

“Impossible?” The omega whispered.

“I promise.” Hannibal nodded, almost on reflex leaning in and kissing the boy’s forehead before closing the door behind him. He didn’t feel a flinch but rather a tiny shaky breath, in response. The alpha jogged back into the house and did his part. Turning the knobs on the oven halfway to fully on and calculating it’d be a day and a half before an explosion would wipe this hellish place clear of the earth.

Normally he’d leave the house as it was, but he didn’t want anyone to know his boy had been there or that he even existed. It was clear the omega wasn’t used to leaving the house, let alone opening a window in the dingy place. The neighbors, what few inhabited house there were, probably didn’t even know of his existence.

Once back in the car, his engine roared to a start and he pulled away from the curb, “It’s Will.”

“What was that?” Hannibal whispered; the boy had a tendency to speak too lowly.

“My name.” The boy whispered, “It’s Will.”

“Hello, Will.” Hannibal took his eyes from the road, “My name is Hannibal.”

“Hannibal.” He held the words on his tongue for a few moments before whispering, “Thank you, Hannibal.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

And at least I understood then, the hunger I felt

And I didn't have to call it loneliness

Hannibal debated injecting the alpha strapped to his table with adrenalin. He wanted the man to start panicking, he wanted an outlet. Anger has swelled and boiled under his skin since bringing Will home.

Fire licked at the inside of his chest walls, through his neck and into his mouth. He wanted to inflict pain, but he didn't think this man deserved the mercy of being drugged, he'd have to wait. The entire drive home was accented by little gasps at every slight disruption, small flinches, twitchy fingers.

A beautiful little omega reduced to a broken and anxious thing didn't sit well with Hannibal. Even without hearing an utterance of testimony against the guilty alpha, he knew his sentence. Judge, jury, and executioner. Hannibal wasn't even the slightest bit saddened that his body may produce not a single sliver of meat once he was through with him.

Will was in the shower but that wouldn't take too long, and he didn't want to leave him alone. What must the world feel like to an eternally trapped bird set free for the first time? Riddled with danger and overflowing with evil. Hannibal would have to show him the safe secret parts of this wretched planet. Or make them if they didn't already exist.

Striking out suddenly, Hannibal landed a solid hit against the alpha's cheek, finding no satiation to his angry hunger. With a sigh of anger, he decided the stupid alpha should be awake by morning, groggy but ready for his punishment. He checked his binds, then climbed the stairs leading to his pantry.

Quickly making his way to his room, connected to his personal en suite. The alpha had a few bathrooms in his house, but he selfishly wanted the smell of the omega to linger in his personal bathroom. Without fail as he entered the hallway leading to his bedroom, he sensed the first wisps of Will and warm moist air. Standing in the doorway, he found the lithe form of the beautiful boy.

"Your feet are dirty." Hannibal stated delicately eyes tracing their way down Will's body. He'd given the omega a set of pajamas, but he currently only wore the button up silk top and an oversized pair of boxers. Perhaps the bottoms had been too big? He was extremely slight even for an omega, Hannibal assumed from years of malnourishment.

Will's own eyes tracked down to his blackened feet, "Oh," he blushed a pink red, over his nose and across his cheeks, "I-I-I didn't..."

"Come." Hannibal led Will back into the bathroom, settling him against the side of an old clawfoot tub. The alpha found a small towel wetting it with warm soapy water before kneeling in front of the omega.

"It's white." Will whispered, not pulling his ankle out of Hannibal's loose hold. Perhaps even slightly pressing more firmly into the palm of the alpha's hand.

"I have a washer." The alpha hummed, continuing his work scrubbing the world off a lovely omega. He'd admit, only to himself, that he'd ruin every pristine white linen in his house if it were to be done in the omega's honor. Hannibal's mouth quirked its way into a small secret smile, thinking back to one of his few fully intact memories of his mother.

"Now Hannibal." She whispered, a perfect omega in every sense of the word, "Now that we know that you are an alpha it's time, I told you the secret."

"The secret, mama?" Hannibal remembered whispering, just a small boy still.

"Yes." She smiled sweetly, lifting her son onto her hip, "Now the world will tell you an alpha should want an omega who serves. Sweet and docile."

"Docile?"

"It means well behaved. Obedient." Ever patient, she continued, "But any alpha truly worth their grit will know that they've found the right omega when they're ready to serve."

"What, mama?" Hannibal giggled, "I don't get it."

"You'll understand when you're older, my love"

And here, kneeling in front of an omega who he'd barely spoken twenty words to, he understood. When he glanced up and saw thick eyelashes brushing rosy cheeks, completely at peace with the handling of his feet. Hannibal knew.

He'd do whatever it took to keep, to please his greatest discovery.

"Did you wash your hair?" Hannibal's voice was just a low rumble of a question. Will barely responded, only fluttering his eyes open once Hannibal drew a finger up the arch of his foot. Avoiding the soles where he saw thick white scars, storing away that for another time.

Will's reply was more a stringing together of sounds than an answer. Ambiguous. So, Hannibal hummed again, sitting up to his full height on his knees and pressing a gentle hand through Will's hair. If the boy so much as flinched, he would have stopped but he didn't, so the alpha continued.

He found the curls to be wet, but not entirely unmatted, "I'll have to get conditioner for this."

“My arms were tired.” Will whispered, tiredly. Something undeniably adorable in the way his cheek brushed over his shoulder.

“No worries, little one. I’ll untangle it tomorrow.” Hannibal began and paused before continuing, “That man…”

“Chris.” Will supplied a name, just a whisper again. Will spoke like he spent years practicing how to speak without being heard. Like a ghost of a person.

“Chris.” Hannibal nodded, finally supplied with a name, “He’s away for the night. He won’t hurt you anymore.”

Will nodded, nuzzling into the hand Hannibal had slipped onto his cheek. Just a gentle pressure to keep him present, “He took me. Grabbed me while I was walking home from school.”

“High school?” Hannibal leaned closer, trying to catch Will’s words. He’d press his ear directly to the omega dusted rose colors lips, if he had any less self-control.

Will shook his head minutely, trying not to lose Hannibal’s hand against his skin, “Middle school.”

“So, it’s been a few years?” Hannibal asked, how long had that filthy alpha had his omega.

“Ten years in September.”

The alpha had to close his eyes and collect his breath before responding, “You’re much older than you look.”

“He liked that I looked young.” Will whispered, bitterly.

“Well,” Hannibal nudged Will’s face upward to meet his eyes awkwardly. The omega didn’t like eye contact, “From now on, we do what you like. What you want.”

Blue eyes crumpled in confusion staring down at the alpha below him. It was so clear on his face what he felt, why would an alpha, a thoroughbred, act this way, “What I want?”

“Whatever you want.” The alpha finally stood pulling Will up and towards the door, leading him from the bathroom. Hannibal released his hand at the doorway and continued to walk, “I have a few guestrooms, you can take whichever one you’d like…”

His words petered off in the hall when he noticed the omega wasn’t following him. Backtracking a few steps, he found Will stopped just outside the bathroom door. Still firmly in the bedroom, “Will?”

The omega didn’t respond, looking between the alpha and his bed quickly then furrowing his brow. Will landed on staring at his feet, but Hannibal didn’t miss the look. Something like hope finally surpassed the explosive anger that had been brewing in the alpha all night.

He knew that look.

It was the same look Will had given him earlier that night when the pair shared a stilted dinner over the island of Hannibal's kitchen. At just past midnight, Will had no sense of propriety as he gulped down spoonful after spoonful of a stew from a few nights ago. Just a simple hardy stew made with thyme, potatoes, and an annoyingly impatient banker.

The bowl was already empty when Will finally muttered, "Is there animal in this?"

The alpha had smiled gently, "I suppose we all meet the same end, animals and us. Just beasts fighting or falling into our own urges, but if you mean is it human meat? Then yes, it is."

The omega nodded, eyes glancing down to his finished bowl. Hannibal mistook his silence for apprehension but when he peaked back up at the alpha, he saw it again. That hunger he was so taken with not just hours ago.

Hannibal coaxed a response, "Did you like it?"

"Mmmm." The omega purred softly, nodding with a hint of something more.

"Would you like another bowl?"

This was followed quickly by a jerky nod and the omega holding out his bowl like Oliver Twist, muttering around his next spoonful, "You're a very good cook."

And now standing in his bedroom, Will looked at his bed like he looked at that bowl of stew. It was nearly three in the morning now and the omega looked exhausted. Dark circles stained the delicate skin beneath his eyes, so much so that alpha worried they would never fade. There was no point in drawing it out, "Will, would you like to sleep in my bed?"

The omega gulped, twisting anxious fingers in his pajama top, "Yes."

"Do you want me to sleep in there as well?" Hannibal asked, edging his way back into the room, "Or would you prefer to sleep there alone?"

The omega whimpered, at the beginning of the question but the alpha continued regardless. He had no interest in taking what wasn't given, in the case of Will. The omega bit open his lip nervously before whispering a resolute, "Stay."

"Of course, little one." Hannibal nodded, "Settle in while I ready myself."

It didn't usually take the alpha so long to get ready for bed but tonight he wanted to give Will some time. He imagined the anxious omega sniffing over each pillow and rolling onto both sides to see which felt better. Mentally he began to make a list of what they'd need to buy at the store tomorrow: conditioner, smaller clothes, nesting materials.

And Hannibal sighed at the thought of Will in his own nest. Completely at ease with his curls completely free. Just curled up in the softest things he could find.

When he finally got into bed, he found he was correct in his assumptions the bed smelt faintly of Will all over. The omega landed on the left side of the bed furthest from the door, as expected. Hannibal making another mental note to order a canopy bed tomorrow. One that the omega could hang curtains from on three sides, to feel more comfortable more at ease.

It was all terribly presumptuous, but Will could make his nest in here. Shaded from the light if he chose to take a midday nap and shaded from all things that lurk in the night. The bed could be a sanctuary for his weary omega.

Will would live in the lap of luxury for the rest of his life, should he choose to stay. The best clothes, the best trips, the best food. He'd never want for anything a day in his life, he was certain. Should he choose to leave, Hannibal wasn't sure what he'd do with himself. Now that he'd known this feeling, he wasn't sure he'd be able to recover.

He thought Will had fallen off to sleep immediately but after a few moments he heard the omega turn in the bed, "Hannibal?" His voice was surprisingly louder in the dark. Not anywhere near to standard volume but much less inhibited.

"Yes, Will?"

"You won't…" Will started and then stopped, the alpha could hear the anxious ruffling of sheets under his fingers, "You won't force me to…"

"I will not force you to do anything." Hannibal answered, without needing to hear the full question. He didn't have to. Hannibal would not force Will's hand in anything, sexual or otherwise, "We do what you like, Will. What you want."

There was a soft and powerful pause, before a small hand crept into Hannibal's own. Just the press of two palms, innocent and lovely, "Thank you, Hannibal."

Chapter End Notes

I think Hannibal likes being the white knight, idk.

Oh my god! You all were so nice and I really didn't expect that! Thank you all for replying with your support it means the world to me!

I hope you enjoy!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> “I would.” Will stated looking to Hannibal, “Earlier, you said anything I want. I want to kill him.”
>
> “You mean…”
>
> “Chris.” The omega answered, “I want to kill him and eat him. Turn him into something useful.” And then the alpha understood. Like a glass shattering in front of his eyes, Will wasn’t just similar. That fiery hungry look in the omega’s eyes wasn’t just similar to what Hannibal saw within himself, it was the same.
>
> Like a mirror, like some cosmic improbable event, they were like clones. And just as Hannibal had eaten the monsters who forced him to see the darkness in the world, Will would too.
>
> “Of course.” Hannibal nodded, “Anything you want, darling.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tell me what you need, oh, you look so free
The way you use your body, baby, come on and work it for me

Hannibal only slept four hours before the sun began to peak through his window. He had things to do, none of which involved staying in bed all day, whether he had incentive to do so or not. And was the warm pliant body of a lovely omega a very handsome incentive.

During the night Will had turned, wiggled, his way closer to the alpha and now he slept directly beside him. Hand still lightly clutching at Hannibal’s, with their fingers no longer interlocked, it’d be easy to slip his hand free. Although he doubted, he’d be able to leave without the omega noticing, as he presently had his nose pressed firmly against the alpha’s shoulder.

With his lips slightly parted the most pillowy part of his bottom lip grazed Hannibal’s silk pajama top when he let out a particularly breathy sigh. Since Hannibal’s waking nearly half an hour ago, he has sat stalk still simply watching Will as he slept. It wasn’t often he had a partner in his bed overnight, and that’s not to say he wasn’t sexually active.

His usual bed partner tended to leave after they were finished, his mind wondering to Alana. He'd have to call her and break off their plans for today, and next weekend. She'd understand, their relationship was more of a perfunctory thing than anything else. They were both alphas who enjoyed finer things and casual affairs.

Will's forehead crinkled shuffling his nose into the crevice between Hannibal's arm and the bed. His rosy cheeks heating the underside of the alpha's bicep, letting out just the very beginning of a whine before settling further. The sun set the alpha's room alight with an orange hue that brushed Will's creamy delicate skin a beautiful color.

Quietly filing away this moment for him to further explore later, he moved as stealthily as he could from his spot. A soft whimper pulling him to a stop, still sat on the side of his bed he turned and caught blue eyes drowsily staring his way. Well, one blue eye peaked up at him, the other side of the omega's face now pressed into the warmth of the sheet Hannibal's back previously heated.

The alpha watched as Will pushed his hand closer, resisting the urge to touch, his voice gruff and quiet, "Stay."

Hannibal rumbled something soft and warming, his hand reaching out and settling on Will's head. Carding through his still messy curls until the omega couldn't resist the urge to fall back under. His eyes slipping closed and a gentle purr radiating up through his throat.

"I have a few things to do but you need sleep, little one." Hannibal tried to reassure the smaller man, "I'll be back to wake you in a little bit."

"No." Will bit out, hand clutching the sheet, the warmth now fading, "Stay." Hannibal caught himself surprised. People don't demand things of him and if they did, he certainly didn't give in. But this wasn't an offense, the alpha idly wondering if there was anything the other man could do that he'd consider a transgression.

"I will not leave the house." Hannibal promised, tilting his head, and smiling gently, "Go back to sleep, Will."

Will held the alpha's gaze for mere moments more before nodding and settling back into the mattress. Hannibal waited until the omega's breathing petered out before finally pulling his hand away and standing. He drew the curtains closed, washing his room in darkness, before leaving.

Ravenous was the only word that came to Hannibal's mind when watching the way Will consumed. With his bowl empty in under two minutes, Hannibal was glad he gave him a small portion. It wouldn't do him any good getting sick after going years without eating properly.

The omega stared down at his bowl then gave Hannibal *those* eyes. Unlike with the stew or with his bed, Hannibal didn't offer. He just returned the look. He wanted Will to ask. He wanted to hear Will whisper those words.

After nearly a minute of unblinking blue eyes, Hannibal ventured, “Yes, Will?” The omega nodded down to his bowl and then shifted his head towards the kitchen, where the rest of the protein scramble sat on his stove. Hannibal shifted his head as well, a questioning tilt.

Will let out a nervous noise in the back of his throat before whispering, “Can I have more?” Then after just a second, he tacked on, “Please.”

“Of course, darling.” Hannibal praised, his tone overly warm noticing the beginnings of a smile on Will’s lips, “Anything you want, Will. All you have to do is ask.” Then without much ado, he rose and grabbed Will his seconds.

When Hannibal settled the bowl back in front of his omega the man tilted his head, “Anything?”

Hannibal stilled his hand, setting his fork back into his own bowl and nodding, “Yes, Will. Anything.”

The omega waited, the sound of his foot tapping anxiously filled the silence. Without lifting his head, he whispered, “Is this him?”

“The sausage?” Hannibal shook his head, “I’m afraid this is an actual pig.”

“He’s still here, then?” The omega chanced a look, slightly accusing and slightly interested.

“Yes, I haven’t quite finished with him yet.” Hannibal replied, and Will didn’t answer just continued on with his meal. But there was a tensing to his shoulders and a shifting of his eyes that left Hannibal eager to watch his gears turn. How the alpha wished he could pry open Will’s brain and peer inside.

The alpha silenced a chuckle as the omega’s fork scraped the side of the bowl. Will had broken more of Hannibal’s rules than any other person he’d ever met. He was rude, classless, and demanding. Traits that set the alpha’s teeth on edge, that left bodies in his wake but now?

Now, he wanted to reward the little rulebreaker. Fill his life with the prettiest, softest, kindest things and watch him flourish. He couldn’t think of one way he’d change the broken little thing in front of him. He’d have the omega as he was, frozen in time forever.

Bent over his table with elbows wide and unabashed breaking of etiquette, foot jiggling the leg of the mahogany slab. Rude words laced with anger, fear, and hunger. Just a little thing drowning in the alpha’s shirt, the alpha’s boxers. But of course, that was an impossibility.

“I’d like to take you shopping today.”

Will’s head whipped up at this, his eyes wide with anxiety, “Go out?”

“Yes, just a few stores.” Hannibal nodded, his eye taking in the omega’s anxious face, “I would like for you to come with me, but as I said before I will not force you.”

Will nodded, biting his lip, and bouncing his leg in time with his hand. His gaze flickered between Hannibal and his own hand seeming to wight his options. The words he whispered

next were not with a questioning tone, rather a statement, “When we go out you will not leave me.”

“I won’t let you out of my sight.” The alpha promised, as if that was a given. As if the omega would never leave his line of vision ever again.

Will’s nails scratched over the table uncertainly before nodding, “ok.”

It was already one in the afternoon, when Hannibal finally found Will something slightly presentable to wear. Not that he could even find it in himself to care.

It took nearly another fifteen minutes to coax will out of the house and into the garage.

“When we go out.” Will repeated, “You will not leave me.”

“I won’t let you out of my sight.” Hannibal repeated, voice even and tone calm. Standing just inside the house, the alpha brushed soft curls from Will’s face, “I won’t let anyone touch you.”

Will watched his shaking hands with anger more than anything else before nodding, “You’ll hold my hand.”

“If that is what you’d like than yes.” Hannibal agreed, holding out his hand waiting for the omega to take it. And he did, almost instantly leaning into his space.

In the car Hannibal glanced at Will who watched everything go by like he was waiting for an attack. Hands clenched together in his lap, “Will, are you familiar with what a nest is?”

“Nest?” Will asked confused but nodded his head.

“Yes,” Hannibal continued, “I would like for you to build one of your own.” Even from the corner of his eye Hannibal watched the omega’s face fall. At a stop sign he looked over and expected to be met with sadness but instead found anger. Will was irately watching the dashboard, that delicious fire burning in his eyes, “Have I upset you?”

The omega looked over at him before nodding and looking away. His brow furrowed and his fists clenched.

“You don’t want a nest?” Hannibal asked, “There’s sufficient studies finding they’re good for your health. Less anxiety, better sleep. Plus, they benefit your reproductive—”

Will cut him off, jaw tight when he stated, “I sleep with you.”

“Ahh.” Hannibal’s breath caught in his chest, what a beautiful angry thing the omega was. So possessive of their shared space already. He didn’t even think to specify where his nest would be. It wasn’t standard practice to have a separate nest these days for anywhere in the US other than in the deep south. So, Will must be southern, if his initial assumption was that Hannibal

was asking for him to move to a different room. And what a stunning response he got to that assumption, without even trying, “I never specified where your nest had to be.”

And just like a summer storm, Will cooled in an instant. Shoulders untensing and eyes tracking to the alpha, “In your room?”

“If that’s where you’d like it to be.” Hannibal nodded, finally pulling away from the stop sign, “I’d like to get you a canopy bed, so that you can hang curtains for when you need to be closed in.”

The omega shrugged, “Whatever, as long as it’s in your bed.”

“So, you’ll build a nest then?” Hannibal asked, wanting to hear confirmation but all he received was a nod.

“Dr. Lecter!” The attendant at the high end home furnishing store he regularly purchased from met Will and himself at the door. The omega took a step back, clutching Hannibal’s hand with both his own, “Back so soon? Is there something wrong with the Egyptian cotton set we just fitted you with?”

“No.” Hannibal was cold, his usual persona up in an instant, “I’ve had an unexpectedly good surprise and I’m in need of something new.”

“Of course, we’re always happy to help.” The attendant nodded, “Can I point you in any direction?”

“Your nesting section?”

“Oh!” The beta’s eyes finally shifted to Will for only a moment, “Congratulations, Dr. Lecter. Right this way.” Hannibal was smug, and the small quirk of his smile only widened when he looked to Will. He expected to find a scared little thing but again he found himself surprised. Will wasn’t a timid puppy hiding in Hannibal’s wake, he was much more like a rabid mongoose. Something utterly dark in the way he watched the beta directing them through the store.

A look Hannibal only hoped to feed, to heighten, and maybe he would. All in good time, “You’re a doctor?”

“Yes.” The alpha nodded, tucking Will’s hand into his elbow, “A psychiatrist.”

“Hmm.” Will grunted, processing the information before muttering, “I don’t trust psychiatrists.”

The alpha narrowed his eyes but stored that away for later, simply nodding, “You’ll find I’m rather different than most others in my profession.”

Will’s eyes flashed with something warm, and a mirthful smile flit across his face before he nodded. The pair finally arriving at the nesting section of the store.

It was large and overwhelming to the omega who stayed pressed to Hannibal's side even when the attendant finally left them to shop. He browsed slowly, murmuring, "Whatever you want, Will. Just pick it out."

But of course, the omega only shrugged eyes wide as he looked around. But of course, the alpha was astute enough to notice when Will's stare stopped a few moments longer on a set of blankets. All ultra-plush and large, Hannibal pulled them both closer. With his lips against the shell of Will's ear, "Which one, darling?"

Will gazed at him for a few seconds before reaching out to run his fingers through them each, spending just a little bit longer on one a pink sandstone like color, murmuring, "Doesn't matter."

As badly as the alpha wanted to hear the omega ask, he wanted to give more, "How about this one then?"

"It won't match." Will's eyes stayed locked on the pink cloth.

"I'll redecorate the room to match it." Hannibal breezed past his excuses, nodding for someone to come grab the blanket and keep it at the front of the store. Hannibal coaxed a small pillow and a complimentary throw out of Will before the omega stopped them on their way out.

It was more of a second-long halting of a single step, but it might as well have been a plea. The alpha stopped the pair in front of a display, they were heating pads disguised as little animals. One could warm them in the microwave, and they'd hold warmth for a while, being filled with little beads.

Hannibal could smell they were also scented with lavender, "Which one?"

Will bit his lip, stepping forward and running careful fingers over the options. A cow, a yellow duckling, a koala, and a black stag. They were all cartoonish and soft, big heads and wide bellies, "It's just a stuffed animal? Like for kids?"

Hannibal placed a comforting hand on the nape of Will's neck, his thumb rubbing over the stiffness there, nodding, "They're also heating pads for when you go through pre heat."

"Oh," Will blushed, shaking his head, and stepping back right into Hannibal's chest, "I guess…"

The alpha wrapped loose arms around Will and nuzzled his hair, "Get one."

"You're different around other people." Will stated, after a few more stores, the trunk now fully stuffed with the omega's new things. Shirts, sweaters, pants, and conditioner all more fitting for the little omega than what Hannibal had at home. The alpha mentally portioning

out Will's space in his walk in closet. He could stand to move some of his suits into one of the guest bedrooms.

Suits, Hannibal paused, he'd have to get the omega fitted for a nice suit so he could bring him to events he patroned. The opera for one, but there was also a gallery opening at the Baltimore Museum of Art in a few weeks. Hopefully Will would be more filled out by then, not so dangerously thin.

"Hmm, in what way?" Hannibal could name differences himself, but he was interested in what Will noticed.

"They're all meat to you, aren't they?" The omega stated more than asked.

"I don't plan to eat everyone." Hannibal laughed, something striking in the way he could be open with Will.

"But you could." Will whispered, "You'd enjoy some people more than others but at the end of the day they're all meat. You could eat any of them."

"I suppose I don't think highly of most people." Hannibal explained, "Such a terrible and selfish species we are."

"They are." Will whispered, more to the window.

"They?" The alpha asked, glancing at the omega. Just what was he trying to say?

"I could do it to."

"You could?"

"I would." Will stated looking to Hannibal, "Earlier, you said anything I want. I want to kill him."

"You mean…"

"Chris." The omega answered, "I want to kill him and eat him. Turn him into something useful." And then the alpha understood. Like a glass shattering in front of his eyes, Will wasn't just similar. That fiery hungry look in the omega's eyes wasn't just similar to what Hannibal saw within himself, it was the same.

Like a mirror, like some cosmic improbable event, they were like clones. And just as Hannibal had eaten the monsters who forced him to see the darkness in the world, Will would too.

"Of course." Hannibal nodded, "Anything you want, darling."

The omega finally smiled like a solar eclipse, darkness in the light of day, "Thank you, Hannibal."

Chapter End Notes

I guess you can make the decision yourself whether that's the empathy disorder speaking or will himself.

Warning for next chapter: there will be murder and discussion of darker themes.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I think I tagged pretty well for this fic but it is a Hannibal fic so there is cannon typical violence. Nothing against Will or Hannibal but you've been warned.

Please read the tags.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Don't let it get you down, you're the best thing I've seen

We never found the answer but we knew one thing

We All Have a Hunger

The knock startled Hannibal from his work, making breakfast for Will who still lay in their shared bed. Now adorned with softer pillows and matching throws. He heard the rustle of sheets and knew Will was awake, perhaps just lying in bed for a few moments longer. He'd fetch the omega after taking care of whoever stood on his porch on this Sunday morning.

"You didn't return any of my calls last night." Alana's half smile was playful, not even a hint of anger, "Lucky for you I know not to wait but I was a little concerned."

Hannibal completely forgot to cancel his plans with Alana at *Tagliata* in the inner harbor, "Alana. It completely slipped my mind, please forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive." She breezed past his apology, "But I've never known you to be late let alone forgetful. Tell me about what came up over breakfast." The alpha took a step forward but stopped when Hannibal didn't make way for her to cross the threshold.

"It's not a great time for this discussion, Alana." Hannibal nodded, "Let's reschedule."

"Not a great time?" Alana tilted her head in a way only alphas could perfect, she'd caught the scent of something awry.

"Yes, perhaps lunch? Sometime this week." Hannibal went on.

"Hannibal." She sighed the name, "I know we are not dating but I was under the impression we both understood this relationship to be exclusive. Your actions lead me to believe that you have someone inside?"

This tone wasn't one he would usually endure from just anyone, but he knew in this moment he had been extremely rude, not to mention she was only speaking the truth, "Exclusivity, with one exception."

"What was that?" The other alpha stepped forward.

"We discussed exclusivity with a singular exception." Hannibal tilted his chin up in an unabashed expression.

"An omega?" Alana's face fell, "Between our plans two weeks ago and yesterday you've found yourself an omega?"

Hannibal nodded, slightly, his lips twisting in pride, "Yes."

"And they're inside?" The other alpha was no longer angry, practically briming with happiness for her friend. It was no secret omegas were so few and far between that the ones born were already promised to an alpha before they even understood what mating was. The chances of simply meeting an omega were slim to none.

"Yes." Hannibal nodded again, he hadn't discussed a proper story of how they met with Will yet, so he didn't think it prudent to make one up now.

"Well, that was quick work." She smiled, glancing around Hannibal but the alpha was starting to get annoyed with the questions. He was prepping to turn her away as nicely as possible when her smile froze, and her eyes tracked to somewhere behind him.

Then he smelt it, Will had arrived. He swallowed his anger at sharing even the sight of Will with another alpha before stepping slightly to the side. Alana was raised in a high enough echelon that she knew not to address an omega, especially one unmated. But she couldn't help her eyes from raking over his form.

Hannibal took a moment to look over Will himself, the night before he'd spent over an hour raking gentle fingers through the omega's hair. A whole bottle of conditioner just barely enough to save the smaller man's curls from sheers. But the work was well rewarded, the omega looked like a renaissance painting with freshly cleaned curls.

They fell over his delicate features like feathers on a peacock, shading him and alluring any potential mate to step closer. Even now, dressed only in Hannibal's pajamas which left his shape completely to the imagination there was no doubt he was a thing to behold, "Alana, I was hoping for a more formal occasion, but this is Will."

Hannibal crossed the room to stand beside the boy, his hand unconsciously coming to grasp the back of the omega's neck. The move purely one of alpha claiming but perhaps beneficial to Will as well. The moment his skin met the nape of Will's neck the omega pressed closer to his side, his shoulders falling slightly, "He's gorgeous, Hannibal. Congratulations."

Neither of the alphas missed the way Will's eyes flashed dangerously from his feet to the woman in front of him. Or the way Hannibal's hand tightened in warning, but nothing

could stop the sound of dissatisfaction from leaving the omega's clenched teeth. Like a small dog sitting in the window on their home, he growled.

Hannibal pulled Will closer until his lips pressed firmly against the shell of the omega's ear, "You've done nothing wrong, darling. But please go back to our room." Will tried to pull back to get a look at the alpha but his hand just tightened on his neck, keeping him in place, "Will. Please."

Finally, he released the omega and he nodded, not even sparing Alana a look before turning on his heel and exiting, "Let me walk you out."

Once back over the threshold, Alana spoke carefully, "He's not well bred."

Hannibal grit his teeth, she wouldn't be the last person to notice Will's unrefined edges, but he'd hoped for more, "Yes, well we can't all be born into a life of luxury."

"Of course." She nodded, "But Hannibal?"

"Yes, Alana?" He hoped the notes of exasperation didn't seep too thickly into his tone.

"You've taken care of whatever bastard put that look in his eyes?" And there it was, the Alana that drew Hannibal in all those years ago. There was a violence that brewed beneath the surface of thoroughbred alphas that anyone who wasn't one of their own wouldn't understand. A violence that couldn't be helped, and as far as both alphas knew there was no need to include the authorities when these instincts arose.

Hannibal simply nodded, "There won't be any need for avenging, Alana."

"Of course." She leaned in kissing both of his cheeks, before allowing Hannibal to open her door, "And you'll let him know I meant no offence? I would like to be invited to further occasions without him hating me."

"I'll attempt to explain it to him, but he can be quite unforgiving."

"Hmm, yes, well all the good ones are." She nodded, stepping into her car, and allowing Hannibal to shut her door. The alpha waited until the car disappeared before turning to enter back into his house. Will apparently forewent his request because he stood in the hallway with his arms crossed once Hannibal returned.

"You fucked her." The omega stated his voice was gruff as he stared solely at the floor with anger.

"Between walking her to the car and now, no." Hannibal explained, lightly his voice edging on soothingly low. He relished the fire that burnt beneath Will's tone, possessiveness. Perhaps, he even savored the way Will's nervous selfish need to own Hannibal sank to his loins, pressed against his chest.

"Hannibal." The omega gritted between his teeth.

“Yes, Will.” The alpha nodded, stepping closer, “She was a past sexual partner of mine, but I no longer will be seeing her.”

Will growled again, clenching his hand before whispering, “Anything I want?”

“No, Will.” Hannibal cut him off, “I will allow for most things with you, but she does not deserve that.”

Will huffed, turning, and punching the wall with pent up anger, “You said whatever I want! I wanted Chris but…”

Will was cut off by the press of Hannibal’s body against his back, a gentle hand cradling his now bloody first, “You can still have Chris, little one. I haven’t finished with him yet.”

“But last night…” Will asked, pressing his head back onto Hannibal’s shoulder, his lips brushing the alpha’s jaw.

“Last night, I said it was not the right time and I meant that…” The alpha brought his gentle grip into Will’s curls brushing his hand through them soothingly, “…but we still have today.”

“I can…” Will started, turning in the alpha’s hold, “Today?”

“Of course, darling.” Hannibal continued his ministrations in Will’s hair looking over his face, so deceivingly youthful, “I have only one thing to ask you before.”

“What?” Blue eyes shifted between his own.

“Promise you won’t fear me?”

“Never.” Will swore.

Hannibal warned the omega that the man was hardly recognizable anymore. More of a bloody slab than anything else. It was never the alpha’s intention to have Will down into this space so well hidden in the floor of his pantry. If he had thought for a moment that the omega would want any part in the murder of his captor than he would have left more for him.

But now he could only work with what he had, and that was a barely breathing soon to be corpse. He had hoped the man would have passed during the night, buying time last night with a well-placed bath. He was caught somewhere between wanting to shield the omega from something terrible and allowing himself to bask in the omega’s darkness.

Hannibal watched him take small nervous steps forward until he was only a foot away from the table. The omega’s head titled, and he geared himself up for the horror filled reaction he was bound to get. Omega’s were trained from birth to have a soft disposition, to be amiable and faint.

He held his breath as Will's face gave nothing away, it was nearly a minute before he whispered, "You left nothing for me?"

"Hmm?" Hannibal stepped closer, Will's eyes finally leaving the body and tracking to the alpha almost beside him.

"You left almost nothing for me?" Will pouted accusingly, an actual soft pout on his lips, "What can I do with this?"

"I'm sorry, little one." Hannibal's hand landed softly on his shoulder testing the waters, there was no flinch, no fear, "I did all of this before you asked to take part."

"Next time?" Will whispered, and Hannibal had to have misheard that. No way was this omega asking for a larger roll next time, but then he continued, "Next time, you'll leave more for me?"

Blue eyes sat wide and imploring up at the alpha, as though he was requesting a bigger slice of pie. And Hannibal couldn't help the jerky nod or the faint smile across his lips. He'd truly met his match with this one.

Will eyed the scalpel on a rolling tray off to his side, looking to Hannibal as if to ask if he could. The alpha nodded and Will took up the instrument. He weighed in his hands for a moment and Hannibal wondered if he should show him how to use it. How to hold it and how to apply pressure effectively but instead he just watched.

He wanted to see what Will would do. The omega stared at the tool with a pristinely blank face for a long moment before he finally wrapped his fist around it as though it were a dagger. Taking a step forward he whispered, "You don't deserve the peace of death."

Then he lifted it well above his head and plunged it down into the alpha's chest with so much force the barely alive man huffed a raspy shocked rattle. Will heaved his own breath, a dark smile on his lips turned to one of concentration as he had to pull hard to retrieve his weapon from the man.

He spared Hannibal a smile, blood now splattered across his face before he returned to his activity. Stabbing the man over and over again until he was unquestionably dead. Until he was panting from the exertion, blood covering his clothes, his hands, not a single part of him left untainted.

The alpha watched in absolute wonder, until Will's hand stilled, and he dropped the scalpel. It clattered to the ground almost too loud in the otherwise silent room. Eyes still trained on the dead man now in front of them both, "Will?"

There was no answer, so he brought his hand back to the nape of the omega's neck, holding him firm, "Will? Are you still with me?"

The alpha jumped at the speed which the omega turned, his right hand coming up to grasp the side of Hannibal's face, the other taking the alpha's hand. Will had a wild look in his eyes as he pressed onto the balls of his feet so he could reach the alpha's face.

Their lips met in cold confusion, just a harsh pressing of flesh. It took everything in Hannibal to pull Will away from him, his tone was in warning, “William.”

“Hmm?” The omega grunted; his face stilled at a short distance between Hannibal’s palms.

“William, this isn’t the time or the…” Hannibal trailed off, his breath punched from his gut as Will jerked his head to the side, his mouth closing around Hannibal’s bloody thumb. The cellar was purposefully kept cool, so Will’s lips felt like a hot iron against his cold skin. His tongue lapping over the blood he himself had smeared onto the alpha in his rush to kiss him.

“That’s not my name.” Will whispered, around the digit, “Plus, I’m clean…”

“Wait what?” Hannibal shook his head, truly unable to find a time he’d been more off kilter than right now. He couldn’t name a more powerful being in this world than the man in front of him. He may be weak and underweight but in just seventy-two hours he learned to wield an extremely deadly weapon, that being Hannibal. The alpha was just another tool in the omega’s hands, like the scalpel at their feet.

“He had a doctor friend.” Will explained, “He’d come over sometimes. He said I was clean.”

The alpha shook his head again, planning to come back to that later, “No, you said that’s not your name? Will isn’t your name?”

“No.” Will shook his head, “William isn’t my name. Will is short for Wilbur. Wilbur Graham.”

“That’s your name?” Hannibal gulped, “Will Graham?”

“Yes.” Will nodded, “Now can we fuck?”

Hannibal shook his head, “Not now, little one.”

“Why not?” Will actually stomped his foot, like an angry little rabbit.

“I will not take advantage of you like so many before me.” The alpha spoke through his urge to stop when Will flinched before him. His hand coming to the side of Will’s face, stroking over the frown lines he worked up, “You are not something that I will handle carelessly. You are precious and when we consummate our bond you will not be covered in the blood of swine.”

The omega shook, whether it be the chill in the air or the wetness building in his eyes, Hannibal didn’t know. But apparently, Will understood. Nodding and rushing forward to bury his face into Hannibal’s neck. The alpha pressed Will in more firmly, cradling the back of his head.

Chapter End Notes

oh my god I read someone's head cannon on twitter (I think) saying they thought Will was short for Wilbur (not william) and I almost died. I love that idea so much! So obviously credit to whoever that was. It's not going to be a big plot point so if you don't like it than just pretend like you didn't see it.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

tags have been updated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

And it's Friday night and it's kicking in

In that pink dress, they're gonna crucify me

In the weeks since Will's sudden arrival in Hannibal's life not a portion of his routine remained unscathed, unchanged. His more time-consuming patients received referrals, and those who remained were split between two days a week. At this stage in his life he was well published, well-practiced enough that the work he did was solely out of desire to continue. Not to mention he was independently wealthy enough, he had no need to work a day in his life, well a day since he inherited his trust at twenty-five.

His dinner party planned in that time: cancelled. The first opera of the season: blown off. Even his rolodex collected dust on his desk. He was a man obsessed. Will consumed his every thought, his every breath. Like a skittish cat he spent hours lounging, first he'd start in the bedroom, his nest having grown extensively in their time together. Then he'd move into the kitchen once the smell of coffee and warm food became to alluring. He'd spent hours in the sun on his reasonably sized back yard or on the couch in his office.

Some mornings, Will would sit watching Hannibal over his cup of coffee or tea, crystal blue eyes focused on each of his movements. He hadn't grown chattier in their time, if anything their silence became more of a conversation than their words. Will would hum sliding up next to the alpha and Hannibal would gently place a knife or a handheld orange juicer into lithe fingers.

Then they'd set to work, on a few occasions the omega would softly ask how to use a tool (the garlic press) or how to cut something right (an onion). But other than those brief moments, their world was quiet, filled with soft classical music, the humming of tunes, and the brush of steady work.

Will followed Hannibal everywhere he went. On days he felt like gardening the omega would follow him out into the yard. Sometimes he'd just sit on the grass running fingers through the dirt, other days, more clingier days, he'd sit right beside Hannibal. Stealing an unwashed grape tomato directly into his mouth, earning a disappointed grunt from the alpha. The perfect little thing would sit watching as Hannibal composed on his harpsicord for hours at a time, the alpha wondered if Will knew he was the muse.

If Hannibal had to work, he'd clean up from breakfast and head to his home office. The first few times he did so, he told Will he could do whatever he pleased. His house was Will's. There was no place off limits. But without fail, Will would follow the alpha into his office. Even if he had to spend the day reading over research papers or acting as a peer reviewer for a few esteemed journals.

Will would browse the book selection while he worked with sharp and curious eyes, looking over each one with both his gaze and his fingers. Without any ill intent, the omega opened a glass case holding a treasured manuscript in his native Lithuanian. With bated breath Hannibal watched as the omega brushed soft fingers over the highly textured papers not applying any real pressure. Hannibal, himself, hadn't even touched the piece as it was much older than anything that should be handled directly.

It didn't take Hannibal long to realize that despite not even graduating middle school Will was smart. Sharp eyes and an even sharper tongue when provoked, kept an already smitten alpha guessing at every turn, "What language is this?"

The alpha stood making sure to announce his arrival next to the omega with discernable footsteps. He learned after only a few days that Will did not take to being snuck up on well, "It is Lithuanian."

The omega peaked up at Hannibal from the corner of his eye, "That's where you're from. Lithuania?"

"Yes." Hannibal nodded, "I was born to an aristocratic family in Vilnius. This is one of the few texts I chose to take from my childhood home."

Will hummed, "It looks old."

"Hmm, I'd say yours are the first hands to even touch this in over two hundred years." Hannibal instantly regretted his words when Will pulled his hand back like he'd been burnt. The smell of fear spilling from each of the omega's pores.

"Sorry." Cheeks flushed but lips firm. The alpha could tell, Will didn't like being scared, uncertain, in fact he detested it. Just under the stench of fear lay the almost beautiful smell of anger. Like a well-used sauna, hot and warm, the scent was almost constant.

"There is nothing to apologize for, darling." The alpha whispered; a shuddering breath forced from Will's mouth as Hannibal ran gentle fingers through his hair. Pressing his lips just above the omega's red tipped ear, "There is nothing of mine that you can't have access to. Nothing that your fingers could sully, or your presence could not make better."

Will's fingers curled delicately around the ledge of the glass container, tapping nervously, leaving little smudges. The smaller man leaned into Hannibal's touch nudged his face upwards so that the alpha's lips brushed against his temple but did not speak.

The omega did not speak when he needn't to. He didn't fill the silence with anything that didn't have immense meaning. It made every word he spoke so much more delectable and forced Hannibal to listen fully on all occasions.

After a beat more, Hannibal returned to his desk and tried to focus on his work. Tried to pretend as though he wasn't tracking Will's every heartbeat, every thought as portrayed on his face, through his scent.

The ruse came to a stall when Will rounded Hannibal's desk, this wasn't part of their routine. On these days after his initial inspection Will would choose his book of choice and he'd settle. Only then the alpha could get some work done but today was different. The omega pressed his backside against the desk, so he leant facing the alpha.

With his arms crossed, blue eyes didn't quite meet Hannibal's, instead they collected. Collected every piece of information they could get so as to predict how the alpha was feeling. Like so many victims of abuse, Will watched him as he spoke so he knew when to protect himself. Always ready to react.

Hannibal allowed Will to take these moments, allowed his chin to lift slightly to reveal the curve of his neck. He allowed Will the upper hand before turning his gaze to him and shifting a small smile onto his face, "Yes, little one?"

Will bit his lip, glancing down to the alpha's lap before glancing away. And he understood, turning his chair so that he now completely faced Will, he spread his legs just slightly wider. Inviting him in. And Will accepted, pressing his knees onto either side of the alpha's hips. He curled his arms up to rest between Hannibal's chest and his own, before nuzzling his way under the alpha's jaw.

Brushing his lips against the alpha's scent gland. Hannibal slowly brought his hands up, one resting low on Will's back the other slightly higher. Tracing a path from his mid back until he loosely held the omega's neck, "Hmmm, delicate thing, you're okay."

Will hummed, a deep and vibrating noise, he opened his mouth so that his tongue gently brushed the surface of the alpha's throat. Perhaps he was simply wetting his lips, Hannibal wasn't certain. There was a muffled whisper that even the alpha couldn't decipher.

"What was that, sweet boy?"

Will tucked his chin into his chest, his nose now the only thing brushing Hannibal's pulse, "Anything I want?"

"Of course." The alpha knew what Will was implying, what Will wanted. And he would do it without a doubt. He was just surprised that for the first time he wasn't doing it for himself, in fact it wouldn't happen if Will didn't ask. He hadn't felt the need to create his art, to punish, or to even play chess with Jack Crawford while the dimwitted alpha was playing checkers. He had all he needed with his omega, but if his sweet boy wanted him to continue his work, he wouldn't deny him that, "Do you have someone in mind?"

Will nodded, finally loosening the tightness of his hold on his own torse, threading fingers up the alpha's chest and into the graying hair on the nape of his neck. He swallowed hard once, the again before muttering, "You won't do it without me."

The alpha slid his palm across the omega's cheek and gently gripped his chin, "I'll bring them to you, and you can do whatever you please."

Will nodded, shaking his chin loose to press a kiss onto Hannibal's palm, "Donald Sutcliffe."

He knew the man. A past collogue of his from Johns Hopkins, a neurologist who fancied himself a psychiatrist. He must be the doctor who told Will he was "clean". Hannibal nodded, gently brushing his thumb over Will's cheek before whispering, "I know of a Dr. Donald Sutcliffe. Is that who you're thinking of?"

Will pulled back, a soft little worried sound building in his lungs, "You said…"

"Hush, vexed little thing, I didn't say no." The alpha brushed his thumb across Will's lips before he could begin to fume, "I'm just clarifying."

Will nodded, that was the one.

"I'll look into it." Hannibal agreed, and it brought a smile onto his lips when Will nodded, irises blown. What a beautifully reactive little thing. While Hannibal had the chance, his gently braced his hands onto Will's hips, refocusing blue eyes to his. Or rather blue eyes to his cheek bone, his nose, or the slight crowfeet around his eyes, his boy not being one for eye contact, "Could you do something for me, Will?"

The omega bit his lip, pressing his chin nervously into his shoulder but keeping his eyes up. Waiting for Hannibal's question, "Will you come to a Gallery opening with me tonight?"

Azure eyes widen, "Out?" Will had been out shopping with Hannibal a few times but never a social event, "I uhh I…"

"Just an hour or two, I wouldn't let you out of my sight." The alpha accented his promise by tightening his hold on Will's waist. Pressing his lips to Will's ear, "In fact, I'll keep you in my hold all night."

"Why?"

"It'll make it easier for me to turn down invitations in the future when people know I have my omega at home." Hannibal's hands drifted up the omega's sides, "Additionally, I donated the funds to build the space at the museum, it'd be rude to not show."

"Yours?" Will asked, "Your omega?"

"Of course." Hannibal pulled back, "You are mine and I'm yours."

"You won't fuck me." The omega pressed, eyes wide and unblinking. That was a soft spot in their otherwise well-crafted peace. Will had been trained that his worth was based solely on what he had to offer an alpha. He didn't have the vocabulary or the experience for anything other than what he considered 'fucking'. He grew impatient and angry every time Hannibal turned him down, when he received nothing more than sweet kisses and gentle touches.

“I’ve told you before, sweet Will, you are worth more than a fuck.” Even the omega winced at how out of place that word sounded in prim and proper Hannibal Lecter’s mouth, “When we sleep together, I will bond you, without a doubt. But that will not be happening soon.”

Will whined high in his throat, and despite almost always giving into the omega’s sweet, sweet manipulative tendencies, this was a dealbreaker. The alpha was willing to wait until Will understood his worth, “But you’re right, sweet boy, I haven’t been fair about your needs.”

“M-m-m-my…” Will questioned, an anxious rippling of goosebumps up his arms and across his chest.

“Your needs, darling.” The alpha whispered, “Be a good boy for me and sit here on my desk?”

Will’s gaze danced around nervously before he shifted from Hannibal’s chair onto his mahogany desk. The alpha reaching past Will to press aside a solid gold statue and a cup of pens, “Lie back, dear thing.”

The omega shook his head but went back onto his elbows when the alpha pressed his palm onto Will’s softened belly. He’d made brilliant progress with his weight over their time together. His breath caught in his throat when Hannibal, eyes still fixed on Will’s, popped the button on Will’s soft corduroy pants, “If you don’t want it, tell me to stop. Okay?”

Will nodded, licking his lips, and pressing his hips up so the alpha could slide them down to his knees. Little fingers danced on the workspace surface, against the portions of skin visible where a soft flannel had risen. Still seated Hannibal took his time before landing a soothing kiss on tense skin at the bottom hem of the omega’s boxers.

Pressing his cheek into the scent gland near the dip created between the omega’s hip bones, nosing his way against the omega’s small cock, “Beautiful thing, so responsive for me.” Mouthing through the thin material of his boxers, until shaky breath brought his face upward. Will’s gaze, red lips and wild curls, focused on Hannibal between his legs.

Needing time to take in the omega’s face, Hannibal pressed kisses onto Will’s stomach, “Beautiful, beautiful boy.”

“N-n-n-no.” Will pleaded and Hannibal stopped, not pulling away because he didn’t think the omega was telling him stop.

“No?” The alpha whispered, “What is it? Do you want me to stop?”

“No!” Will whimpered, hand jumping quickly but hanging in the air as if he thought it improper to touch. Smiling gently, he brought a hand up to twine with Will’s before tugging off the omega’s boxers all together. Getting a look at Will’s hard little cock pressing up against his stomach so pink and pretty.

Holding Will’s hand in his against the softest part of his tummy, Hannibal pulled Will closer until he almost hung off the desk. With just a moment more to take in the cute little thing

above him, Hannibal set his attention southward. Pressing long open mouth kisses from the head of his slight penis all the way until he reached Will's hole.

Without much warning he swiped his thick tongue across the perineum down to his hole already slick with his sweet taste. The omega's head finally landed solidly against the desk, clutching Hannibal's hand while he chocked out a shocked moan. The alpha continued sucking, nibbling, and licking until he finally pressed his tongue through the tight ring. Will's hips twitched but the alpha splayed his free hand across his petite abdomen to keep him in place.

Once he stilled enough, he brought fingers down to join his tongue. Hannibal wasted no time in finding that pleasurable bundle of nerves inside his omega, "Oh oh a-a-a-alpha."

That sound sent a ricochet of shivers through Hannibal's spine, making his already hard dick twitch in his pants. He hummed his excitement, creating an added layer of arousal, unable to contain it any longer, the alpha felt Will's hole tighten around his fingers and around his tongue before he was coming. With a whimper and a huff of breath, Will shook through his orgasm.

Hannibal watched Will's face with something close to devotion, with parted lips and tear-filled eyes, he slowed his fingering to match the pulse of Will's uncoming. With his hand still tight in Will's hold, the omega lifted the alpha's hand to meet his lip, kissing his fingers briefly. Breath coming in short pants against his palm.

With shaky arms, Will lifted himself back into a seated position, staring Hannibal down. His eyes were beautifully glassy, his cheeks a delicate red. He'd store this away for later, when he'd sit drawing Will as he napped lazily on the couch. The way his softened pink cock looked in this moment, with his watery eyes. This image alone could save Hannibal from his darkest of days.

"You look lovely, Will." Hannibal soothed his hands over the wrinkles created when the omega parted with his over coat once inside the BMA, "Beautiful boy." That seemed to trigger something in the little omega, his cheeks darkening and squeezing tighter the alpha's hand.

Hannibal made small talk with a few people who approached him upon his arrival, including the featured artist, the director of the museum, and an acquaintance who he didn't quite remember the name of. He knew without even looking, they were being tracked by multiple people from the moment they arrived.

Usually that fanned his ego but tonight was different, just having Will at his side made Hannibal's pride swelled. The boy didn't mutter a word, barely lifted his gaze from the ground. The only exception begin when one particularly old fashioned alpha called him 'absolutely debauched', which Will grumbled lowly at.

Inappropriate to point out, but it was true enough as Will even hours later still clung to the alpha with glassy eyes, teetering deliciously on falling headfirst into omega space. It kept him calm though, so Hannibal elected not to sober him up just yet. That was until his hand that wasn't tightly in Hannibal's came to rest on his bicep and a surprised gasp left his lips.

He followed the omega's hooded gaze and released a sigh. Of course, the BMA sat adjacent to the Johns Hopkins' main campus, so many of the professors and former students were regulars. Including one Dr. Donald Sutcliffe.

He stood off to the side looking around quite haughtily, his eyes tracing the room almost unbothered until he reached Hannibal, a familiar face. A cordial smile graced his face and he began to make his way over, before pausing mid step when his eyes landed on Will. A beautiful, tall beta woman walked beside him until he turned at this moment whispering something to her. She nodded easily, slipping off into the opposite direction.

He'd been invited to Sutcliffe's wedding, but it had been at the height of gala season, so he'd sent his best wishes along with an expensive gift. But he knew she was from old Baltimore money, not at all like the abyss Sutcliffe dragged himself out of in West Virginia. He didn't like most people but until today he'd thought as highly as he could (which didn't say much) of the other alpha for having the wits to make himself out of nothing. He'd bet good money that that was his wife, he'd just shooed away, and she had no idea he was testing a poor omega for STDs.

He had almost a sly look on his face when he stopped in front of the pair, "Hannibal."

"Hmmm." Hannibal nodded, not in the mood for games tonight, "Where's you wife tonight?"

Sutcliffe's eyes tacked to Will, lying when he spoke, "Off to speak with friends, I'd guess. Didn't take you for the collaring type, Hannibal." Will huffed, from beside him. They both knew that was an insult, Collaring was antiquated today and more of a taboo subject, as it came from the practice of buying omegas. Not to be confused with the practice of giving an omega's parents gifts while courting. It was a classist divide.

Sutcliffe was calling Will a cheap whore.

"I don't think I know what you're referring to." Hannibal tightened his gaze, "And I'd prefer if you kept your eyes off my omega."

"Your omega?" Sutcliffe huffed, "He's been plenty of people's omega. Isn't that right, Willy."

Will growled, clenching his fist around Hannibal's hand. The alpha pressed forward, "I won't ask again. Do not refer to my omega."

Sutcliffe laughed, staring Hannibal down, "I guess Chris finally got bored of *your* omega. How much did he set you back?"

He wasn't proud of what he did next, and it wouldn't look good moving forward, but he didn't care. The movement was quick, without flourish, a fist to his jaw and the bad doctor

was on the floor, “You, fucker.” He growled, “I’ll sue you for everything you have, including that whore.”

Hannibal just bent down a foot on either side of his body, a fist tight on his collar, “I’d think wisely about your next words. Your wife might just find out what sort of neighborhoods you’ve been frequenting.”

The alpha on the ground wiped the stream of blood from his nose, “I’m gonna end you, Lecter!”

Hannibal shook his head, straightening up and taking in the crowd that had gathered. He ran his hands down his lapels before nodding and returning to Will’s side. Leading him away from event, collecting their jackets and waiting as the valet left to grab the Bentley.

The alpha took Will’s face into his hands, the omega was jumpy, “Will, I didn’t know he’d be here.” Will swallowed thickly, “I didn’t know.”

Will nodded, but didn’t respond, so the alpha dropped his face, grabbing his hands instead. He held them tight to stop their jittering, “Hey, Wilbur, look at me.” That seemed to work, crystal blue eyes tracking to the alpha, “Anything you want, okay?” The omega paused, nodding jerkily, “I’ll do it soon, I promise.”

The omega licked his lips, meeting his eyes, his voice small and reedy, “I trust you.”

Hannibal didn’t miss the weight of those words. Swallowing thickly, “Thank you, Will.”

Chapter End Notes

ohhh someone's about to be dead...

thank you for reading!

Chapter 6

Oh, and you in all your vibrant youth

How could anything bad ever happen to you?

The Bentley was deathly quiet for all of a minute before Will, with his lip curled in disgust, slammed the palm of his hand against the leather of the dashboard. Quick and punishing his nails bit into his now scarlet hand before unflexing and repeating the motion. Then it clicked Will crashed his balled-up fist into his own thigh, breath shaky as he repeated it over and over.

The omega acted out some sort of angry self-harm, Hannibal simply could not allow. Sliding into a spot on the side of the road, the alpha caught Will's wrist before he could land another hit. His eyes were almost completely black when he turned to the older man. It took everything in the alpha not to grin, to soak in that terribly alarming look.

Pre-Will Hannibal would have encouraged this deranged behavior, drawing it out of a patient like a violinist draws out the last note of a masterpiece. He would have taken the fist now in his hand and curled an implement into it, forced his will onto that unlucky person. How many murderers had he created? How much spilled blood never stained his hands?

But that's not who he was anymore, not here in this car. He was securely and purely, Post-Will. The alpha blossomed slowly and undoubtedly from the omega, his becoming so sweet and tender. Like a tough stone succumbing to the flow of lava, he melded into his darling boy. Both irrevocably changed.

Hannibal clenched his fingers just tightly enough around the omega's wrist, so as to detain and not harm. The omega's growl only strengthened as he tugged, "You will not hurt yourself, sweet boy."

Like a feral dog, Will bared his teeth and tugged his wrist again. Hannibal just sighed, swiftly unbuckling the boy's seatbelt and pulling him across the divide and onto his lap. Taking Will's other wrist into his right hand and gripping the omega's chin with his left, "You will not hurt yourself. Do you understand me?"

Will growled again, this time a low and dangerous noise from the base of his throat before he moved quickly twisting both his wrists and pulling free. Not even a beat later a powerful hit landed against Hannibal's cheek bones, he felt the skin split immediately. While the hit was solid it still came from an omega recovering from a decade of malnourishment, certainly not even close to the hardest blow he'd ever been dealt.

In fact, the alpha's cock twitched, a shiver of excitement running up his spine and blooming in his chest. What a delightfully violent little thing, stunningly dirty designs ran through his brain at light speed. But that all came to a crashing halt when Will's scent soured, the omega

leaning back and flinching when his elbow glanced the horn. His pulse reeling as he tried to remove himself from the alpha's lap.

"S-s-s-s…" Will's voice was so low with anxiety, now shaky and scared. Hannibal grieved the loss of his radiant anger for only a second, brushing a soft hand into Will's curls. His fingers firm even when the boy flinched again, tucking his face away towards the driver's side window. Clearly, he was dodging an imaginary blow, shoulder pushed into his neck. Submissive and cowering.

"Shh, darling." Hannibal hummed, smoothing a hand over Will's shoulder pulling the stiff omega into a hug. A firm hand at the nape of the omega's neck, brought his face into the alpha's scent gland, "You've done nothing wrong."

They sat for minutes on end, with just the slowing beat of their hearts to keep them company. But now, with Will's deeply relaxed breathing painting gentle wisps against Hannibal's neck he couldn't help but notice a pressure. A slow grinding from the omega above him just the beginning, a hardness pressing into his abdomen, down onto his own length. He stuttered a warning breath, "Will."

"Please?" It was barely a word, barely a sound but the omega's fingers tightened one on his lapels and the other on his shoulder. Gentle fingers tangling into the hair on the nape of his neck, "Anything I want."

Hannibal gulped audibly, every inch of his control going into the steady tempo of his breathing, the growing need to tighten his hold, "Sweet creature, allow me to take you home."

"No." Will gripped harshly, finally pulling his face from Hannibal's neck and meeting maroon eyes. The short breath that stuttered it's way from the alpha's chest left a slight smile across his lips. A smile which faded into seriousness once Will dropped all pretenses quickly working Hannibal free from his trousers.

The alpha gripped his wrist, stilling his movement after just a jolting touch across his member, "Sweet boy, I told you that-"

"I told you I want it." Will pressed forward their lips meeting with soft clarity, the alpha didn't have the time to over think. Reaching forward to fuel the fire, twisting his fingers in Will's hair and pressing deeper into the kiss. With his tongue slipping between the omega's lips he freed Will's cock from his pants and finished the job the omega had started earlier.

Finally Will's small appendage pressed against Hannibal's full erection and the omega moaned into the alpha's mouth. The alpha claimed Will's lips again. His tongue begging entrance to which Will softly allowed. Exploring the omega's mouth with thorough vigor, Will relished in the heat of Hannibal's body against his, delicately strong fingers skirted up the alpha's chest, sharp nails leaving crescents in their wake.

Hannibal's wrist working over time slipping up and down their layered cocks in the small space between them. The alpha pulled back from the kiss for a moment and latched onto

Will's neck, steering clear of where he'd eventually leave his mark. Will's skin was so soft and beautifully fragrant, Hannibal knew he could swallow him whole.

Releasing his hold on Will's neck, he allowed the omega to pull back for just a moment, jerking his hips forward. Hannibal paused, stopped his hand in its place around both their lengths, "I love you, Will."

Will shuttered a breath, sudden cum splattering the fine fabric of the alpha's shirt as blue eyes widened with apprehension. The omega licked his kiss bruised lips before whispering, "What?"

Hannibal was a selfish man, even his own mother, who died long before he grew into the thing he was now, knew that. His father said she was too indulgent with him, never allowing him to want for anything which is probably what made it so agonizingly painful when he lost it all. First his parents in their grand estate, then his sister in some shack a short while later, and then finally his bodily autonomy in a criminally underfunded orphanage.

When a child is pushed to the edge of survival (of existence) the shell of an adult human that eventually emerges from their becoming is capable of almost anything. Hannibal knew that but what he didn't know was that the thing he became could seek so much solace in another.

The thing beside him in bed, a cherubic curly haired beauty wrapped in the softest fabrics he could find, was just as broken as him and that sent shivers through his spine. It sent heat into his chest clutching dangerously around his throat. Warmth gathered in places he long thought frozen and yet still he couldn't be satisfied.

Simply being seen should be enough but having those crystal blue eyes flicker over him left him bare, left him hungry. He grew hard when Will's lips parted as he yawned through his first stretch in the morning. When he pouted before asking for something he thought the alpha should know. And as of recently, his stomach tightened when the boy crawled into his lap and pressed his nose into the space below his chin.

It was his favorite pastime, an innocent lovely intimacy they could share but now the alpha had gone and ruined that too. Could his beautiful boy know no safety in his arms, no intimacy without sex?

The alpha's nose twitched, the only sign that he was annoyed but the omega caught on even with his face tucked into the soft hair littering Hannibal's chest. Lithe fingers danced cautiously from it's spot nestled between their bodies, across the alpha's stomach, and up to rest next to where his face lay, "You're mad."

"Hmm." There was no point in denying it. He was as transparent as it gets when it comes to Will, "I am unhappy with the turn last night took."

Will seemed to furrow his eyebrows, shaking his head before nuzzling even closer, "Was it what I didn't say or what he did..."

“In my mind that man is but a grunting animal.” Hannibal whispered, turning his head and pressing his nose into Will’s hair inhaling the scent greedily, “And there is nothing you could say or not say…” And Hannibal meant that, there was no part of him that wanted an insincere declaration of love, “I daresay, there is nothing you could do that would prod me into anger, I find I am angry with myself for how I acted.”

Will pressed cautiously closer nuzzling his nose into the alpha’s chest, soft lips against Hannibal’s nipple, “I liked when you hit him. I like seeing you like that. I-it doesn’t scare me.”

Hannibal smirked, holding Will’s head closer so that he could drop a kiss onto his forehead. His dark little omega was more than perfect, “I’m glad I could bring you some happiness but sweet boy I am speaking about the way I acted last night when I allowed myself to become overrun with lust.”

“Han-” Will’s words were cut off as Hannibal shook his head decidedly.

“No, Sweet Will, I’ve allowed myself to cross every line humanity has without so much as a blink but what I did last night will weigh heavily for all my years. I do love you more than words can wield the matter but I was entrusted with your care and I meant to keep you safe. I have felt very little guilt through my years but-”

Will moved quickly, coming to straddle the alpha before he could finish his words. The younger man had filled out in his days with Hannibal and no longer felt so frighteningly frail. His weight, like a warm reminder of the good the alpha had done, pressed firmly across his chest. Now though one hand rested beside Hannibal’s head and the other covered his mouth. There was no real force, the omega didn’t intend to entrap Hannibal more so he planned to get his attention.

And it worked, the alpha paused tilting his chin up to catch clear blue eyes boring into his, “What was their name?”

Hannibal was stumped, bringing a gentle hand up Will’s hip to keep him steady before taking the hand over his mouth into his own, “Who are you speaking of?”

“Who was your Chris?” Will tilted his head, not asking if there was a ‘chris’ but rather who or when they appeared. There was no uncertainty in his voice. No other would be allowed this trespass, but even the omega now tested his boundaries. Something like steel wrapped its way around his chest, pressed the air from his lungs, Will continued, “Someone stole from you just like Chris stole from me and then someone you trusted took from you again. Did you think you were ready but ended up more hurt? Was it someone you thought could do no wrong? But even now you find yourself more angry at the latter than the original thief?”

“Will.” Hannibal shook his head, poorly hiding the edge he currently found himself on.

“Someone you trusted?” Will continued regardless, such intense eyes glancing over every flinch, every breath like a human lie detector. And in that moment, Hannibal realized that was exactly what the omega was. This was the longest string of words he’d heard from the usually meek omega and he would be delighted if it wasn’t such a visceral stab to the gut,

“The first wasn’t important, just another piece in the tragic puzzle of your life. But the second was earth shattering. A teacher? A parent? No, an aunt or an uncle? You were hurt for so long and it felt like they could see you but then they did what everyone else did. They stole. They used. They left.”

“Will.” Hannibal’s words quaked and his hands tightened on the omega’s waist.

“Now you see me and I see you. You’re scared.” Will whispered, hand soft as he brushed over Hannibal’s face, “You’re scared for me? You don’t need to be scared. I won’t let you hurt me.”

The alpha shuttered, then Will broke his gaze shaking his head. Hannibal reached up, placing a hand on the omega’s cheek, “Will, you are unworldly, unearthly precious.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to-” Will stopped, pressing his face more solidly into Hannibal’s palm. Swallowing thickly, “I don’t want to see it all but I can’t help it, sometimes.”

“You have done nothing wrong, darling boy.” Hannibal continued, “You have a gift.”

“You won’t hurt me.” Will nodded, the alpha wasn’t sure if he was speaking to himself or Hannibal. But Hannibal just took the nape of Will’s neck into his hands and pressed him back down until he lay boneless against the alpha’s chest, “And I won’t hurt you.”

“Thank you, Will.”

“Dr. Lector, you’ve been quite busy lately.” Jack was the type of alpha that knew no finesse, he wielded his power like an executioner with a hefty axe. Brutal and unrelenting, he was excellent at his job and that’s what made him dig his teeth onto the bone that was Hannibal Lector. Over five years prior the FBI agent (then a homicide detective) suspected the alpha of a murder, just from a glimpse of Hannibal on surveillance footage.

He must have caught the flash of unguarded animosity on the alpha’s face because he dug into him relentlessly, until Hannibal begrudgingly had to call in a favor with a fellow patron at the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra (who just happened to be the chief of police). But after the public nature of his fight with Donald last night it was no surprise he’d appear like a lion patiently stalking his prey.

“Hmmm, Agent Crawford. I’d say it’s nice to see you but I think we both know that is not the case.” Hannibal had a genuine smile crawl across his face, because the agent had no idea what he was on to. He thought the alpha was simply responsible for the singular homicide of a rude artisan cheese maker. He thought the police chief was protecting his wealthy friend and that the social class divide between them shouldn’t make a difference, “What is your reason for this early morning visit?”

“Just checking in after what I heard through the grapevine.” Jack seemed to think that if he stared Hannibal down for long enough, with that sultry and overly severe look, that he’d just

crumble. Perhaps that worked on bright eyed FBI trainees but it didn't phase the alpha.

"Quite a fast growing vine that one is…" Hannibal hummed, tilting his head as he caught the gentle stirrings in his room upstairs, "If I didn't know better I would have to assume that you were keeping tabs on myself, but that couldn't be true. I would hate to ruin our friendship by taking out a restraining order, my dear friend Commissioner Kelley first brought up the idea."

"I don't work for the state anymore." Crawford shook his head but locked his jaw in disgust at the mockery Hannibal and his wealthy friends made of the United States Justice system.

"I suppose you should be on your way, now that you see I am perfectly fine." The alpha nodded towards his unassuming black sedan. Usually he'd enjoy some elementary verbal sparring with the agent where he'd drop hints that would fly right over the alphas head, but he didn't really care for that anymore. "I wouldn't want to take up any more time of such an important public servant."

The whole point of the visit was intended as a warning, Jack letting him know that no matter what he did the FBI would know. And the point was made so he waved, effectively dismissing the other alpha who turned to leave. Making it to the steps of his porch before pausing. Lifting his nose in the air, and turning back around, "Do you have an omega in there?"

"Not that it's any of your business…" Hannibal growled taking up more space in the doorway, "But yes, I am in the process of courting an omega."

Hannibal watched the small signs of confusion flit across Jack's face, as he questioned everything he thought he knew. It was so clear that he profiled Hannibal as an antisocial sociopath masquerading amongst the elite after never seeing him with a partner and suddenly that changed. He looked over Hannibal's shoulder as if he was hoping to catch a glimpse before shaking his head and leaving. Well, that changed things.

Hannibal couldn't decide if it was for better or the worse. Only time would tell.

Will shook his head. Digging his heels into the ground of the tarmac, his eyes danced like a caged animal looking for an escape. A wonderful surprise suddenly tarnished by Hannibal's misjudgement. Standing in front of this private jet, the alpha huffed closing his eyes. How many times had Will gotten in a vehicle without knowing the destination? At least once and that ended very poorly.

So why would Hannibal think it some romantic gesture to keep this from the omega? No, he'd never make that mistake again. Approaching the omega, he cupped Will's cheek, "I'm sorry darling, please let me make it up to you?"

Will whined in the back of his throat, allowing his eyes to flutter close as Hannibal scented him. Pressing his nose into Will's neck and up behind his ear, "Would you feel better if I told you where I'd planned to bring you? Then you can decide if you truly want to go?"

The omega nodded, snuggling closer, “Please?”

“We’re flying into Shreveport Regional airport.” The alpha couldn’t even continue, the omega tearing himself back.

Shocked blue eyes taking in the alpha’s face, “What?”

“I’ve located your parents and they still live in your childhood home.” Hannibal explained.

“M-m-my mama?” Will’s almost nonexistent southern accent thickened in a moment, “My mama knows I’m alive?”

“I spoke to her this morning.” The alpha explained, “I plan to ask your parents for permission to bond.”

Will began to cry, just uncontrollable tears rolling down his face. Silent sobs caught in his throat. The alpha froze for in the time he’s known the omega he hadn’t cried once. Not when he killed the man who stole him away and not when he recounted any of the abuse he’d endured. He’d never shed a tear or choked out a sob, but here on this tarmac he could barely hold himself up.

Hannibal caught a glimpse of the young man stolen on his walk home from school, and in that moment he wished more than anything that he could resurrect. Of all the people he lost in his life he would bring that squealing pig Chris back to life just to kill him again, “He said they ruled me legally dead. I have a tombstone.”

The alpha nodded, Will’s parents had told him that too. After six years the court issued a death certificate but his parents didn’t lose hope, “Do you want to see them?”

Will shuddered, pulling back and nodding with red glassy eyes, “Please. I wanna see my mama.”

“Anything, sweet boy.” Hannibal held him closer, pressing his lips to Will’s ears, “Anything you want.” In truth, the alpha had known about his parents since the omega gave him his name, he’d gone back and forth wondering if he should notify them or not. Hannibal may love Will wholly but he also loved him selfishly. He’d do anything to keep Will. But the final nail in the coffin was Jack.

How could he kill Donald Sutcliffe after a public fight? He finally reasoned the only way would be a solid alibi. Twelve hundred miles would be solid enough, now leading the omega on board this flight he whispered, “And when we return home I have a gift waiting.”

“A gift?” Will whispered, the omega’s voice was still adorably thick with tears which brought shameful lust into the alpha’s gut. Not to mention, Will didn’t even question whether or not he wanted to return back to Maryland with Hannibal. A residual of his stockholm syndrome or actual want, Hannibal couldn’t bear to investigate.

“Hmmm.” Hannibal whispered, a coy smile on his face, “Anything you want.”

Will furrowed his brow before it dawned on him, “Sutcliffe?”

“Yes, darling.” Hannibal settled Will onto the couch of his private jet, sitting closely beside him, “All ready for you the moment we get back.”

Will nodded, releasing a shaky innocent breath, “I can’t wait.”

The knot in Hannibal’s stomach loosened with a flourish, he made his omega happy. He made him a place he wanted to stay. He made him a home. Taking Will’s hand in his he smiled, “Thank you, Will.”

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You make a fool of death with your beauty, and for a moment

I forget to worry

Hannibal hadn't truly relaxed since departing the plane in Shreveport, his shoulder's tense and his jaw tight even as he greeted his soon to be in laws. The couple Juliette and Paul Graham were simple people, just two portly betas living in a poor part of town that flooded more often than normal.

Will hadn't even made a move to leave their rented SUV when Hannibal had finally pulled up to the estate. If you could even call it that, the Graham's lived in a trailer in what used to be a large plantation. Their double wide sat on a rivers edge that had seen less eroded days.

The omega watched with pressed lips at the moss spotted roof, overgrown front lawn. Hannibal wondered if it looked different or perhaps much like with Hannibal it looked achingly the same. The alpha tried desperately not to project his own feelings of seeing his family's estate after his stint in the orphanage. But how could one not, when his dear sister's doll still laid abandoned next to the lake and his mother's wardrobe remained untouched.

Like everything was still in place but the inhabitants never would. It was a loss, a grief, that laughed in the face of those still living. Like a still shot of what should have been.

The reunion was not as tearful as Hannibal thought it would, Will hugged his parents but the waterworks did not truly start until the omega saw the dog. Buster was a mutt, old beyond his years, who barely found the energy to shake his tail as the omega collapsed beside him on the porch.

He remained there even now, as Hannibal helped Will's father in the kitchen. The alpha's ear prickled with every short sentence that slipped from his omega's mouth. The sound wafting its way through the kitchen window.

"They told us to put him in a school." Paul gruffed, his eyes focused on the task in front of him-chopping an onion.

"Whom?"

“The school district, the neighbors. Hell, anyone who met us.” Paul continued, “Not many omegas in these parts.”

“No, I don’t suppose there are any, anywhere.”

Paul hummed, licking his lips, “We didn’t have the money for a fancy school and Jules and I didn’t have the heart to sell him off. We thought, we had more time.”

“It’s a dangerous world out there.” Hannibal conceded, when he first phoned the pair, he made up a story about Will running away and hiding as a beta all this time.

“We had offers. Wealthy alphas in town and even a few from Baton Rouge, New Orleans wanted him. Offered more money than we’d ever thought to ask.” Paul continued, his hand slight shake the only sign of his nerves, “But he was our only kid, Jules and myself couldn’t bear the thought of losing him…” Hannibal nodded, went to reply but Paul Graham was not done, “…he was our kid. Still is.”

Hannibal’s breath stilled. Was this man about to refute his claim on will. That wouldn’t end well for anyone, “Mr. Graham…”

Again, the beta interrupted nothing malicious in his tone, heartbreak maybe, “I don’t mean to dig up the past but he wouldn’t have run. He loved…” Paul swallowed thickly, “…loves his mama. His dog. I’d like to think me, and he wouldn’t have run.”

Hannibal steadied his gaze on Will’s dad, thinking over every option-every new and believable story that he could weave but Paul just shook his head before he could respond, “Who did it? I don’t think it was you.”

The alpha wouldn’t incriminate himself (for anyone other than Will that is), “I’m sorry…”

“I suppose an alpha like you would have done anything within his means to…” They were walking on eggshells, but Will’s dad finally bit out, “Was it a man named Chris?”

The millisecond it took Hannibal to school his expression was all the answer Paul needed. But Hannibal had so many more questions now. Who was Chris? How did Will’s father know his name? Will had muttered sparse information about the pig who took him but never mentioned a familiarity.

“If I ever see that rat bastard…”

“If I may, Mr. Graham, there’s no chance of that happening.”

Paul's mouth turned into a dark smile but before he could respond, Will appeared in the doorway. Silent as ever, looking between the two before settling that near dead gaze on Hannibal. The alpha nodded, “Will?”

He had that look in his eye. A look Hannibal has only seen when Will was requesting to kill someone. The man licked his lips, shifting from one foot to the other before the alpha took pity on him, “What can I get you?”

Will bit his lip once more before whispering, “A dog.”

“You want a dog?” Paul asked, “Or do you want your dog? You can have him Will? Buster.”

Will swayed a little before shaking his head, “This is his home.”

Paul nodded, both he and Hannibal understood. Will had been taken from this same home and the omega wouldn’t do that to what was once his best friend.

“Well, you can always come and visit him, Will.” Paul continued, stepping forward but stopping quickly when Will flinched away, “You can always come here.”

“If you wish to stay with your parents…” Hannibal started, the words were like poison spewing from his mouth. He honestly didn’t know if this was a test or if he genuinely meant it, but he thought he should offer. If Will said he did, than that would complicate things quite a bit but Hannibal would relocate if need be.

“What?” Will rasped, eyes leaving the wing of the jet and turning to stare wide eyed at the alpha, “Y-y-you said that I could stay with you. That you would bond me. I-I-I…”

The omega would have stumbled on longer, but he quickly came to halt when the alpha pressed a calming hand to his thigh, “Sweet Will, I am never letting you go. I was simply stating that if you wish to stay with your parents than I would be willing to figure something out. Anything you want, darling boy. Anything. I will make it happen.”

Will calmed, his heart still thudding but his shoulders dropped, his eyes already a little glassy from the panic. The little thing stuttered a breath before climbing from his chair into Hannibal’s lap. Grasping him tight around the shoulders and at the nape of his neck. His southern accent had thickened over the weekend in Louisiana, his twang melting Hannibal’s heart, “I want to stay with you, alpha.”

Hannibal rumbled a pleased purr, Will’s hand tightening and returning a similar softer sound, “Of course, darling boy. Always.”

The omega whined, pressing his hips, his lips skating the side of the alpha’s neck up to his ear, Will’s tone was a barely there whisp of a breath, “Hannibal.”

The alpha steadied his breathing, before nodding, “Yes?”

“Please?”

Hannibal knew what he wanted, if his little hard cock pressing against the alpha’s stomach had anything to say about it. But on a plane? Is that really how Hannibal would do this? He had pictured flowers, a warm bath, and hours of message, “Will.”

“No more hand jobs or blow jobs, Hannibal.” The omega growled, well more like a strong whimper, “I want you to fuck me.”

“Will.” Hannibal growled, the boy knew his distaste for that language, but the omega just pressed closer. Nibbled lower.

“You just don’t want me…” This game again, Will would have to find more ways to manipulate the alpha or perhaps he didn’t. Because that disbelief of his devotion set him off, his chest trembling with an angry growl.

The alpha breaking, his hand came up to grip Will’s hip, his other coming to tighten in Will’s curls, “What a mendacious little thing you are.” The omega gasped as Hannibal drew him away from the alpha’s skin, holding him at a short distance, “Tell me the truth.”

“W-w-what?” Will stuttered, pressing against Hannibal’s unyielding hold on his hips.

“Tell me the truth, Will.” Hannibal repeated, “Tell me how much I want you.”

“I d-d-don’t know.” Will whispered, the alpha allowing the slackened boy a millimeter closer, so their lips brushed.

“You do know. You are a beautiful, smart, and empathetic man.” Will’s head tilting with the alpha’s whim, those blue eyes floating between the alpha’s own eyes and lips, “Tell me, Will.”

“You’ve wanted me since the moment you saw me crouched on the floor of that filthy rowhouse. You don’t just want my body, like other…” The omega stopped, lip trembling, “You want to own me. You want every breath I take, every word I say, you want to possess me.”

“Hmmm, very astute.” Hannibal’s tone praising, “And I do. Possess you that is. You are mine. You will not know even a moment of loneliness, of solitude for the rest of your life.”

Will made the prettiest sound high in his throat, digging his nails into Hannibal’s skin, “’M yours.”

“That’s right. You are my good boy, right?” The alpha hummed, “Tell me you’ll be good for me.”

“So good. I’ll be so good.”

How could Hannibal possibly resist? His hand drifted lower until his fingers finally pressed beneath Will's pants and underwear, slowly moving down until his entire hand was full of Will's supple bottom.

Will whined, grinding against him again, his cock so hard and straining within his underwear, pressed against Hannibal's stomach.

Hannibal's hand came down from Will's back to rest on his hip, guiding the omega’s movements against his own, he had been on the edge of an erection since Will climbed on his

lap. Will sought out more, short but needy kisses leading to long languid minutes. Just the alpha's hands on Will's skin.

"Mm, Hannibal, so close." Will whispers against Hannibal's neck, his rutting increased in pace, "Wann' come, can I come? Please, Hannibal, please I'm so wet. I want your knot."

Hannibal wants Will to come, wants him to feel good, but, "Hmm you've been so good for me, darling. I think you can come from this."

Will whimpered and buried his face in Hannibal's neck, nipping angrily. He was caught somewhere on the edge, "P-please."

Hannibal knows he shouldn't, but he swiftly tugged Will's pants and underwear off leaving no layers between his straining erection and Will's ass, "I need to know you want it, Will."

"'Wan it so bad." Will pulled back now, tears running down his cheeks, "Please. Wanna feel close to you."

And that should have been a red flag but is it a red flag if you already knew it existed. He knew Will equated sex with intimacy. He knew he was only worsening the issue but seeing those tears on his omega's face and the want in his eyes. He finally agreed, using one hand to finger the boy open and the other to steady his hips.

Will moaned and his hips stuttered against Hannibal as he added two more fingers, but he did not come, "Good boy."

Hannibal's other hand left Will's hip and joined the other beneath spreading the man's cheeks before pausing for just a moment. Will stilled as he felt Hannibal's eyes squarely on him, the alpha pressed forward landing his lips to Will's cheek. Gently kissing the apple there, then his temple, and finally the shell of his ear, "I love you, Wilbur Graham."

He's positive he didn't want their mating to be on the couch of his private jet, but he couldn't bear the thought of having him today but not owning him, "Let me bite you?"

Will purred, "Please."

Hannibal gently spread Will's cheeks and brought just the tip to his little hole. The omega nodded again before Hannibal pressed in just an inch at a time. Will's cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wide but he wasn't in pain. He tried to press down the rest of his length but Hannibal held him still. He mumbles something against Hannibal's neck something that he cannot understand, his voice so thick with need, but he does catch a begging tone.

"Patience, sweet omega. I don't want to hurt you."

Will whined, "Please." The word so sweet and high.

Hannibal squeezes his bottom gently, "So good for me. So vocal. Go on, darling thing let me know. Tell me."

"F-fuck me." The omega's voice was the paradigm of debauchery, broken and honeyed.

Hannibal presses in again, quicker this time, Will quaking as the alpha took him to the hilt, “You take me so well, darling. Made just for me. I’ll spend a lifetime making you full and happy.”

“M-m-m-more please.”

The position was awkward, but Hannibal wouldn’t deny his Will the pleasure he needed. The things he asked for. So, he thrust and when the angle was wrong, Hannibal stood Will tight in his grip. Slamming the omega against the side of the plane he lifted Will even higher, cradling his boy’s head.

Crashing into him over and over again until Will started begging to come once more, “Please, Hannibal, please let me come."

Will like a ragdoll in Hannibal’s grip cried tears of pain/pleasure and the alpha’s breath shook from just that look alone. So broken and so sweet, Hannibal plunged deep inside his omega stabbing that sweet spot. Will’s groan rippled through his throat where Hannibal’s teeth had made purchase, “Sweet, perfect boy, you can come.”

Will released, shuddering through a long and drawn-out orgasm which intensified by Hannibal’s knot locking them together physically and Hannibal’s teeth bonding them together in spirit, “Oh god. Oh god.”

Hannibal’s jaw tightened for extra measure, knowing the bite on Will’s neck would heal messy and large. Finally pulling away, just to lean back in and lick the mark for extra measure. The omega squirmed, overstimulation and excitement mixing, but the alpha just walked them back over to the couch. Still locked together, Will slumped his face into Hannibal’s neck his eyes drooping, and his shoulder relaxed.

“Will?” Hannibal chided, rubbing gentle fingers over the omega’s cheek, “Before you sleep, you must bite me. Come on, darling. It’ll only be but a moment.” And without waiting for a response, the alpha gripped Will’s chin positioning his mouth to the right spot.

Will nuzzled the spot lovingly, pressing tired kisses and short licks but not biting, “A bite, darling boy. Go on.” Finally, he did, razor sharp teeth needling their way through Hannibal’s skin and forming the second half of their link, “Good boy. Now you may rest.”

And he did. Falling asleep almost instantly with Hannibal still buried deep inside him, the alpha unloading a fair share of cum. The alpha brushed a hand through Will’s curls the rest of the flight, whispering praise and worship directly into his mate’s ear, “Thank you, Will.”

Chapter End Notes

I started college over the summer and it's just been a lot. Sorry about the inconsistent postings but I really do love writing and hope you'll continue reading my work.

Love you all.

End Notes

first fic in this fandom! Let me know if you like it!

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